

BALLADS OF A  
CHEECHAKO

by

SERVICE

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*Robert W. Service*



# Ballads of a Cheechako

BY

ROBERT W. SERVICE

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"The Spell of the Yukon"

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## CONTENTS

TO THE MAN OF THE HIGH NORTH..	11
My rhymes are rough, and often in my rhyming	
MEN OF THE HIGH NORTH.....	12
Men of the High North, the wild sky is blazing;	
THE BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.....	15
One of the Down and Out—that's me. Stare at me well, ay, stare!	
THE BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN	29
There was Chw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike living the life of shame,	
THE BALLAD OF PIOUS PETE.....	39
I tried to refine that neighbor of mine, honest to God, I did.	
THE BALLAD OF BLASPHEMOUS BILL	45
I took a contract to bury the body of blasphemous Bill MacKie,	
THE BALLAD OF ONE-EYED MIKE....	51
This is the tale that was told to me by the man with the crystal eye,	

## CONTENTS

THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND.....	56
'Twas up in a land long famed for gold, where women were far and rare,	
THE BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY..	65
Now wouldn't you expect to find a man an awful crank	
THE MAN FROM ELDORADO.....	70
He's the man from Eldorado, and he's just arrived in town,	
MY FRIENDS.....	78
The man above was a murderer, the man below was a thief;	
THE PROSPECTOR.....	82
I strolled up old Bonanza, where I staked in ninety- eight,	
THE BLACK SHEEP.....	88
Hark to the ewe that bore him:	
THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.....	93
I will not wash my face;	
THE WOOD-CUTTER.....	97
The sky is like an envelope,	
THE SONG OF THE MOUTH-ORGAN....	101
I'm a homely little bit of tin and bone;	

## CONTENTS

### THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT.....105

Gold! We leapt from our benches. Gold! We  
sprang from our stools.

### THE BALLAD OF GUM-BOOT BEN.....114

He was an old prospector with a vision bleared and  
dim.

### CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE..119

In the little Crimson Manual it's written plain and  
clear

### LOST.....129

"Black is the sky, but the land is white—

### L'ENVOI.....136

We talked of yesteryears, of trails and treasure,



## TO THE MAN OF THE HIGH NORTH

*My rhymes are rough, and often in my rhyming  
I've drifted, silver-sailed, on seas of dream,  
Hearing afar the bells of Elfland chiming,  
Seeing the groves of Arcadie agleam.*

*I was the thrall of Beauty that rejoices  
From peak snow-diademed to regal star;  
Yet to mine aerie ever pierced the voices,  
The pregnant voices of the Things That Are.*

*The Here, the Now, the vast Forlorn around us;  
The gold-delirium, the ferine strife;  
The lusts that lure us on, the hates that hound us;  
Our red rags in the patch-work quilt of Life.*

*The nameless men who nameless rivers travel,  
And in strange valleys greet strange deaths alone;  
The grim, intrepid ones who would unravel  
The mysteries that shroud the Polar Zone.*

*These will I sing, and if one of you linger  
Over my pages in the Long, Long Night,  
And on some lone line lay a calloused finger,  
Saying: "It's human-true—it hits me right,"  
Then will I count this loving toil well spent;  
Then will I dream awhile—content, content.*

## MEN OF THE HIGH NORTH

Men of the High North, the wild sky is blazing;  
Islands of opal float on silver seas;  
Swift splendors kindle, barbaric, amazing;  
Pale ports of amber, golden argosies.  
Ringed all around us the proud peaks are glowing;  
Fierce chiefs in council, their wigwam the sky;  
Far, far below us the big Yukon flowing,  
Like threaded quicksilver, gleams to the eye.

Men of the High North, you who have known it;  
You in whose hearts its splendors have abode;  
Can you renounce it, can you disown it?  
Can you forget it, its glory and its goad?  
Where is the hardship, where is the pain of it?  
Lost in the limbo of things you've forgot;  
Only remain the guerdon and gain of it;  
Zest of the foray, and God, how you fought!



## MEN OF THE HIGH NORTH

You who have made good, you foreign faring;  
You money magic to far lands has whirled;  
Can you forget those days of vast daring,  
There with your soul on the Top o' the World?  
Nights when no peril could keep you awake on  
Spruce boughs you spread for your couch in  
the snow;  
Taste all your feasts like the beans and the bacon  
Fried at the camp-fire at forty below?

Can you remember your huskies all going,  
Barking with joy and their brushes in air;  
You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing,  
Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear?  
Monarch, your kingdom unravisht and gleaming;  
Mountains your throne, and a river your car;  
Crash of a bull moose to rouse you from dreaming;  
Forest your couch, and your candle a star.

You who this faint day the High North is luring  
Unto her vastness, taintlessly sweet;  
You who are steel-braced, straight-lipped, enduring,  
Dreadless in danger and dire in defeat:  
Honor the High North ever and ever,  
Whether she crown you, or whether she slay;  
Suffer her fury, cherish and love her—  
He who would rule he must learn to obey.

## MEN OF THE HIGH NORTH

Men of the High North, fierce mountains love you;  
Proud rivers leap when you ride on their breast.  
See, the austere sky, pensive above you,  
Dons all her jewels to smile on your rest.  
Children of Freedom, scornful of frontiers,  
We who are weaklings honor your worth.  
Lords of the wilderness, Princes of Pioneers,  
Let's have a rouse that will ring round the  
earth.

## THE BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

One of the Down and Out—that's me. Stare at  
me well, ay, stare!

Stare and shrink—say! you wouldn't think that  
I was a millionaire.

Look at my face, it's crimped and gouged—one of  
them death-mask things;

Don't seem the sort of man, do I, as might be the  
pal of kings?

Slouching along in smelly rags, a bleary-eyed, no-  
good bum;

A knight of the hollow needle, pard, spewed from  
the sodden slum.

Look me all over from head to foot; how much  
would you think I was worth?

A dollar? a dime? a nickel? Why, *I'm the wealth-  
iest man on earth.*

No, don't you think that I'm off my base. You'll  
sing a different tune

If only you'll let me spin my yarn. Come over to  
this saloon;

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Wet my throat—it's as dry as chalk, and seeing as  
    how it's you,  
I'll tell the tale of a Northern trail, and so help me  
    God, it's true.  
I'll tell of the howling wilderness and the haggard  
    Arctic heights,  
Of a reckless vow that I made, and how *I staked*  
    *the Northern Lights.*

Remember the year of the Big Stampede and the  
    trail of Ninety-eight,  
When the eyes of the world were turned to the  
    North, and the hearts of men elate;  
Hearts of the old dare-devil breed thrilled at the  
    wondrous strike,  
And to every man who could hold a pan came the  
    message, "Up and hike."  
Well, I was there with the best of them, and I knew  
    I would not fail.  
You wouldn't believe it to see me now; but wait  
    till you've heard my tale.

You've read of the trail of Ninety-eight, but its  
    woe no man may tell;  
It was all of a piece and a whole yard wide, and the  
    name of the brand was "Hell."  
We heard the call and we staked our all; we were  
    plungers playing blind,

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

And no man cared how his neighbor fared, and no  
man looked behind;  
For a ruthless greed was born of need, and the  
weakling went to the wall,  
And a curse might avail where a prayer would fail,  
and the gold lust crazed us all.

Bold were we, and they called us three the "Unholy  
Trinity;"  
There was Ole Olson, the sailor Swede, and the  
Dago Kid and me.  
We were the discards of the pack, the foreloopers  
of Unrest,  
Reckless spirits of fierce revolt in the ferment of  
the West.  
We were bound to win and we revelled in the hard-  
ships of the way.  
We staked our ground and our hopes were crowned,  
and we hoisted out the pay.  
We were rich in a day beyond our dreams, it was  
gold from the grass-roots down;  
But we weren't used to such sudden wealth, and  
there was the siren town.  
We were crude and careless frontiersmen, with  
much in us of the beast;  
We could bear the famine worthily, but we lost our  
heads at the feast.

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

The town looked mighty bright to us, with a bunch  
of dust to spend,  
And nothing was half too good them days, and  
everyone was our friend.  
Wining meant more than mining then, and life was  
a dizzy whirl,  
Gambling and dropping chunks of gold down the  
neck of a dance-hall girl;  
Till we went clean mad, it seems to me, and we  
squandered our last poke,  
And we sold our claim, and we found ourselves one  
bitter morning—broke.

The Dago Kid he dreamed a dream of his mother's  
aunt who died—  
In the dawn-light dim she came to him, and she  
stood by his bedside,  
And she said: "Go forth to the highest North till  
a lonely trail ye find;  
Follow it far and trust your star, and fortune will  
be kind."  
But I jeered at him, and then there came the Sailor  
Swede to me,  
And he said: "I dreamed of my sister's son, who  
croaked at the age of three.  
From the herded dead he sneaked and said: 'Seek  
you an Arctic trail;

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

'Tis pale and grim by the Polar rim, but seek and  
ye shall not fail.' "

And lo! that night I too did dream of my mother's  
sister's son,

And he said to me: "By the Arctic Sea there's a  
treasure to be won.

Follow and follow a lone moose trail, till you come  
to a valley grim,

On the slope of the lonely watershed that borders  
the Polar brim."

Then I woke my pals, and soft we swore by the  
mystic Silver Flail,

'Twas the hand of Fate, and to-morrow straight  
we would seek the lone moose trail.

We watched the groaning ice wrench free, crash on  
with a hollow din;

Men of the wilderness were we, freed from the  
taint of sin.

The mighty river snatched us up and it bore us  
swift along;

The days were bright, and the morning light was  
sweet with jewelled song.

We poled and lined up nameless streams, portaged  
o'er hill and plain;

We burnt our boat to save the nails, and built our  
boat again;

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

We guessed and groped, North, ever North, with  
many a twist and turn;  
We saw ablaze in the deathless days the splendid  
sunsets burn.  
O'er soundless lakes where the grayling makes a  
rush at the clumsy fly;  
By bluffs so steep that the hard-hit sheep falls  
sheer from out the sky;  
By lilled pools where the bull moose cools and wal-  
lows in huge content;  
By rocky lairs where the pig-eyed bears peered at  
our tiny tent.  
Through the black canyon's angry foam we  
hurled to dreamy bars,  
And round in a ring the dog-nosed peaks bayed to  
the mocking stars.  
Spring and summer and autumn went; the sky  
had a tallow gleam,  
Yet North and ever North we pressed to the land  
of our Golden Dream.

So we came at last to a tundra vast and dark and  
grim and lone;  
And there was the little lone moose trail, and we  
knew it for our own.  
By muskeg hollow and nigger-head it wandered  
endlessly;



## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Sorry of heart and sore of foot, weary men were  
we.

The short-lived sun had a leaden glare and the  
darkness came too soon,

And stationed there with a solemn stare was the  
pinched, anaemic moon.

Silence and silvern solitude till it made you dumbly  
shrink,

And you thought to hear with an outward ear the  
things you thought to think.

Oh, it was wild and weird and wan, and ever in  
camp o' nights

We would watch and watch the silver dance of the  
mystic Northern Lights.

And soft they danced from the Polar sky and swept  
in primrose haze;

And swift they pranced with their silver feet, and  
pierced with a blinding blaze.

They danced a cotillion in the sky; they were rose  
and silver shod;

It was not good for the eyes of man—'twas a sight  
for the eyes of God.

It made us mad and strange and sad, and the gold  
whereof we dreamed

Was all forgot, and our only thought was of the  
lights that gleamed.

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Oh, the tundra sponge it was golden brown, and  
some was a bright blood-red;  
And the reindeer moss gleamed here and there like  
the tombstones of the dead.  
And in and out and around about the little trail  
ran clear,  
And we hated it with a deadly hate and we feared  
with a deadly fear.  
And the skies of night were alive with light, with a  
throbbing, thrilling flame;  
Amber and rose and violet, opal and gold it came.  
It swept the sky like a giant scythe, it quivered  
back to a wedge;  
Argently bright, it cleft the night with a wavy  
golden edge.  
Pennants of silver waved and streamed, lazy banners unfurled;  
Sudden splendors of sabres gleamed, lightning  
javelins were hurled.  
There in our awe we crouched and saw with our  
wild, uplifted eyes  
Charge and retire the hosts of fire in the battle-  
field of the skies.

But all things come to an end at last, and the  
muskeg melted away,  
And frowning down to bar our path a muddle of  
mountains lay.

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

And a gorge sheered up in granite walls, and the  
moose trail crept betwixt;

'Twas as if the earth had gaped too far and her  
stony jaws were fixt.

Then the winter fell with a sudden swoop, and the  
heavy clouds sagged low,

And earth and sky were blotted out in a whirl of  
driving snow.

We were climbing up a glacier in the neck of a  
mountain pass,

When the Dago Kid slipped down and fell into a  
deep crevasse.

When we got him out one leg hung limp, and his  
brow was wreathed with pain,

And he says: "'Tis badly broken, boys, and I'll  
never walk again.

It's death for all if ye linger here, and that's no  
curséd lie;

Go on, go on while the trail is good, and leave me  
down to die."

He raved and swore, but we tended him with our  
uncouth, clumsy care.

The camp-fire gleamed and he gazed and dreamed  
with a fixed and curious stare.

Then all at once he grabbed my gun and he put  
it to his head,

And he says: "I'll fix it for you, boys"—them are  
the words he said.

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

So we sewed him up in a canvas sack and we slung  
him to a tree;  
And the stars like needles stabbed our eyes, and  
woeful men were we.  
And on we went on our woeful way, wrapped in a  
daze of dream,  
And the Northern Lights in the crystal nights  
came forth with a mystic gleam.  
They danced and they danced the devil-dance over  
the naked snow;  
And soft they rolled like a tide upshoaled with a  
ceaseless ebb and flow.  
They rippled green with a wondrous sheen, they  
fluttered out like a fan;  
They spread with a blaze of rose-pink rays never  
yet seen of man.  
They writhed like a brood of angry snakes, hissing  
and sulphur pale;  
Then swift they changed to a dragon vast, lashing  
a cloven tail.  
It seemed to us, as we gazed aloft with an ever-  
lasting stare,  
The sky was a pit of bale and dread, and a monster  
revelled there.  
  
We climbed the rise of a hog-back range that was  
desolate and drear,  
When the Sailor Swede had a crazy fit, and he got  
to talking queer.

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

He talked of his home in Oregon and the peach  
trees all in bloom,  
And the fern head-high, and the topaz sky, and the  
forest's scented gloom.

He talked of the sins of his misspent life, and then  
he seemed to brood,

And I watched him there like a fox a hare, for I  
knew it was not good.

And sure enough in the dim dawn-light I missed  
him from the tent,

And a fresh trail broke through the crusted snow,  
and I knew not where it went.

But I followed it o'er the seamless waste, and I  
found him at shut of day,

Naked there as a new-born babe—so I left him  
where he lay.

Day after day was sinister, and I fought fierce-eyed  
despair,

And I clung to life, and I struggled on, I knew not  
why nor where.

I packed my grub in short relays, and I cowered  
down in my tent,

And the world around was purged of sound like a  
frozen continent.

Day after day was dark as death, but ever and  
ever at nights,

With a brilliancy that grew and grew, blazed up  
the Northern Lights.

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

They rolled around with a soundless sound like  
softly bruised silk;

They poured into the bowl of the sky with the  
gentle flow of milk.

In eager, pulsing violet their wheeling chariots  
came,

Or they poised above the Polar rim like a coronal  
of flame.

From depths of darkness fathomless their lancing  
rays were hurled,

Like the all-combining search-lights of the navies  
of the world.

There on the roof-pole of the world as one be-  
witched I gazed,

And howled and grovelled like a beast as the awful  
splendors blazed.

My eyes were seared, yet thrall'd I peered through  
the parka hood nigh blind;

But I staggered on to the lights that shone, and  
never I looked behind.

There is a mountain round and low that lies by  
the Polar rim,

And I climbed its height in a whirl of light, and I  
peered o'er its jagged brim;

And there in a crater deep and vast, ungained,  
unguessed of men,

The mystery of the Arctic world was flashed into  
my ken.

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

For there these poor dim eyes of mine beheld the  
sight of sights—

That hollow ring was the source and spring of the  
mystic Northern Lights.

Then I staked that place from crown to base, and  
I hit the homeward trail.

Ah, God! it was good, though my eyes were blurred,  
and I crawled like a sickly snail.

In that vast white world where the silent sky  
communes with the silent snow,

In hunger and cold and misery I wandered to and  
fro.

But the Lord took pity on my pain, and He led me  
to the sea,

And some ice-bound whalers heard my moan, and  
they fed and sheltered me.

They fed the feeble scarecrow thing that stumbled  
out of the wild

With the ravaged face of a mask of death and the  
wandering wits of a child—

A craven, cowering bag of bones that once had been  
a man.

They tended me and they brought me back to the  
world, and here I am.

Some say that the Northern Lights are the glare  
of the Arctic ice and snow;

## BALLAD OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

And some that it's electricity, and nobody seems  
to know.

But I'll tell you now—and if I lie, may my lips be  
stricken dumb—

It's a *mine*, a mine of the precious stuff that men  
call radium.

It's a million dollars a pound, they say, and there's  
tons and tons in sight.

You can see it gleam in a golden stream in the  
solitudes of night.

And it's mine, all mine—and say! if you have a  
hundred plunks to spare,

I'll let you have the chance of your life, I'll sell  
you a quarter share.

You turn it down? Well, I'll make it ten, seeing  
as you are my friend.

Nothing doing? Say! don't be hard—have you  
got a dollar to lend?

Just a dollar to help me out, I know you'll treat me  
white;

I'll do as much for you some day . . . God  
bless you, sir; good-night.



## THE BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

There was Claw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike  
living the life of shame,  
When unto them in the Long, Long Night came  
the man-who-had-no-name;  
Bearing his prize of a black fox pelt, out of the Wild  
he came.

His cheeks were blanched as the flume-head foam  
when the brown spring freshets flow;  
Deep in their dark, sin-calcined pits were his sombre  
eyes aglow;  
They knew him far for the fitful man who spat  
forth blood on the snow.

“Did ever you see such a skin?” quoth he; “there’s  
nought in the world so fine—  
Such fullness of fur as black as the night, such  
lustre, such size, such shine;  
It’s life to a one-lunged man like me; it’s London,  
it’s women, it’s wine.

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

"The Moose-hides called it the devil-fox, and  
swore that no man could kill;  
That he who hunted it, soon or late, must surely  
suffer some ill;  
But I laughed at them and their old squaw-tales.  
Ha! Ha! I'm laughing still.

"For look ye, the skin—it's as smooth as sin, and  
black as the core of the Pit.  
By gun or by trap, whatever the hap, I swore I  
would capture it;  
By star and by star afield and afar, I hunted and  
would not quit.

"For the devil-fox, it was swift and sly, and it  
seemed to fleer at me;  
I would wake in fright by the camp-fire light,  
hearing its evil glee;  
Into my dream its eyes would gleam, and its  
shadow would I see.

"It sniffed and ran from the ptarmigan I had  
poisoned to excess;  
Unharm'd it sped from my wrathful lead ('twas  
as if I shot by guess);  
Yet it came by night in the stark moonlight to  
mock at my weariness.

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

"I tracked it up where the mountains hunch like  
the vertebrae of the world;  
I tracked it down to the death-still pits where the  
avalanche is hurled;  
From the glooms to the sacerdotal snows, where the  
carded clouds are curled.

"From the vastitudes where the world protrudes  
through clouds like seas up-shoaled,  
I held its track till it led me back to the land I had  
left of old—  
The land I had looted many moons. I was weary  
and sick and cold.

"I was sick, soul-sick, of the futile chase, and there  
and then I swore  
The foul fiend fox might scathless go, for I would  
hunt no more;  
Then I rubbed mine eyes in a vast surprise—it  
stood by my cabin door.

"A rifle raised in the wraith-like gloom, and a  
vengeful shot that sped;  
A howl that would thrill a cream-faced corpse—  
and the demon fox lay dead. . . .  
Yet there was never a sign of wound, and never a  
drop he bled.

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

“So that was the end of the great black fox, and  
here is the prize I’ve won;  
And now for a drink to cheer me up—I’ve mushed  
since the early sun;  
We’ll drink a toast to the sorry ghost of the fox  
whose race is run.”

### II.

Now Claw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike, bad as  
the worst were they;  
In their road-house down by the river-trail they  
waited and watched for prey;  
With wine and song they joyed night long, and  
they slept like swine by day.

For things were done in the Midnight Sun that no  
tongue will ever tell;  
And men there be who walk earth-free, but whose  
names are writ in hell—  
Are writ in flames with the guilty names of Fournier  
and Labelle.

Put not your trust in a poke of dust would ye sleep  
the sleep of sin;  
For there be those who would rob your clothes ere  
yet the dawn comes in;  
And a prize likewise in a woman’s eyes is a peerless  
black fox skin.

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

Put your faith in the mountain cat if you lie within  
his lair;  
Trust the fangs of the mother-wolf, and the claws  
of the lead-ripped bear;  
But oh, of the wiles and the gold-tooth smiles of a  
dance-hall wench beware!

Wherefore it was beyond all laws that lusts of man  
restrain,  
A man drank deep and sank to sleep never to wake  
again;  
And the Yukon swallowed through a hole the cold  
corpse of the slain.

### III.

The black fox skin a shadow cast from the roof nigh  
to the floor;  
And sleek it seemed and soft it gleamed, and the  
woman stroked it o'er;  
And the man stood by with a brooding eye, and  
gnashed his teeth and swore.

When thieves and thugs fall out and fight there's  
fell arrears to pay;  
And soon or late sin meets its fate, and so it fell  
one day  
That Claw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike fanged  
up like dogs at bay.

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

"The skin is mine, all mine," she cried; "I did the deed alone."

"It's share and share with a guilt-yoked pair," he hissed in a pregnant tone;

And so they snarled like malamutes over a mil-dewed bone.

And so they fought, by fear untaught, till haply it befell

One dawn of day she slipped away to Dawson town to sell

The fruit of sin, this black fox skin that had made their lives a hell.

She slipped away as still he lay, she clutched the wondrous fur;

Her pulses beat, her foot was fleet, her fear was as a spur;

She laughed with glee, she did not see him rise and follow her.

The bluffs uprear and grimly peer far over Dawson town;

They see its lights a blaze o' nights and harshly they look down;

They mock the plan and plot of man with grim, ironic frown.

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

The trail was steep; 'twas at the time when swiftly  
    sinks the snow;  
All honey-combed, the river ice was rotting down  
    below;  
The river chafed beneath its rind with many a  
    mighty throe.

And up the swift and oozy drift a woman climbed  
    in fear,  
Clutching to her a black fox fur as if she held it  
    dear;  
And hard she pressed it to her breast—then Windy  
    Ike drew near.

She made no moan—her heart was stone—she read  
    his smiling face,  
And like a dream flashed all her life's dark horror  
    and disgrace;  
A moment only—with a snarl he hurled her into  
    space.

She rolled for nigh an hundred feet; she bounded  
    like a ball;  
From crag to crag she carromed down through snow  
    and timber fall; . . .  
A hole gaped in the river ice; the spray flashed—  
    that was all.

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

A bird sang for the joy of spring, so piercing sweet  
and frail;  
And blinding bright the land was dight in gay and  
glittering mail;  
And with a wondrous black fox skin a man slid  
down the trail.

### IV.

A wedge-faced man there was who ran along the  
river bank,  
Who stumbled through each drift and slough, and  
ever slipped and sank,  
And ever cursed his Maker's name, and ever  
"hooch" he drank.

He travelled like a hunted thing, hard harried, sore  
distrest;  
The old grandmother moon crept out from her  
cloud-quilted nest;  
The aged mountains mocked at him in their prim-  
eval rest.

Grim shadows diapered the snow; the air was  
strangely mild;  
The valley's girth was dumb with mirth, the  
laughter of the wild;  
The still, sardonic laughter of an ogre o'er a child.



## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

The river writhed beneath the ice; it groaned like  
one in pain,  
And yawning chasms opened wide, and closed and  
yawned again;  
And sheets of silver heaved on high until they split  
in twain

From out the road-house by the trail they saw a  
man afar  
Make for the narrow river-reach where the swift  
cross-currents are;  
Where, frail and worn, the ice is torn and the angry  
waters jar.

But they did not see him crash and sink into the  
icy flow;  
They did not see him clinging there, gripped by  
the undertow,  
Clawing with bleeding finger-nails at the jagged  
ice and snow.

They found a note beside the hole where he had  
stumbled in:  
"Here met his fate by evil luck a man who lived  
in sin,  
And to the one who loves me least I leave this  
black fox skin."

## BALLAD OF THE BLACK FOX SKIN

And strange it is; for, though they searched the  
    river all around,  
No trace or sign of black fox skin was ever after  
    found;  
Though one man said he saw the tread of *hoofs*  
    deep in the ground.

## THE BALLAD OF PIOUS PETE

*"The North has got him."—Yukonism.*

I tried to refine that neighbor of mine, honest to  
God, I did.  
I grieved for his fate, and early and late I watched  
over him like a kid.  
I gave him excuse, I bore his abuse in every way  
that I could;  
I swore to prevail; I camped on his trail; I plotted  
and planned for his good.  
By day and by night I strove in men's sight to  
gather him into the fold,  
With precept and prayer, with hope and despair, in  
hunger and hardship and cold.  
I followed him into Gehennas of sin, I sat where  
the sirens sit;  
In the shade of the Pole, for the sake of his soul, I  
strove with the powers of the Pit.  
I shadowed him down to the scrofulous town; I  
dragged him from dissolute brawls;  
But I killed the galoot when he started to shoot  
electricity into my walls.

## THE BALLAD OF PIOUS PETE

God knows what I did he should seek to be rid of  
one who would save him from shame.  
God knows what I bore that night when he swore  
and bade me make tracks from his claim.  
I started to tell of the horrors of hell, when sudden  
his eyes lit like coals;  
And "Chuck it," says he, "don't persecute me with  
your cant and your saving of souls."  
I'll swear I was mild as I'd be with a child, but he  
called me the son of a slut;  
And, grabbing his gun with a leap and a run, he  
threatened my face with the butt.  
So what could I do (I leave it to you)? With curses  
he harried me forth;  
Then he was alone, and I was alone, and over us  
menaced the North.

Our cabins were near; I could see, I could hear;  
but between us there rippled the creek;  
And all summer through, with a rancor that grew,  
he would pass me and never would speak.  
Then a shuddery breath like the coming of Death  
crept down from the peaks far away;  
The water was still; the twilight was chill; the sky  
was a tatter of gray.  
Swift came the Big Cold, and opal and gold the  
lights of the witches arose;

## THE BALLAD OF PIOUS PETE

The frost-tyrant clinched, and the valley was  
    cinched by the stark and cadaverous snows.  
The trees were like lace where the star-beams  
    could chase, each leaf was a jewel agleam.  
The soft white hush lapped the Northland and  
    wrapped us round in a crystalline dream;  
So still I could hear quite loud in my ear the swish  
    of the pinions of time;  
So bright I could see, as plain as could be, the wings  
    of God's angels ashine.

As I read in the Book I would oftentimes look to  
    that cabin just over the creek.  
Ah me, it was sad and evil and bad, two neighbors  
    who never would speak!  
I knew that full well like a devil in hell he was  
    hatching out, early and late,  
A system to bear through the frost-spangled air  
    the warm, crimson waves of his hate.  
I only could peer and shudder and fear—'twas  
    ever' so ghastly and still;  
But I knew over there in his lonely despair he was  
    plotting me terrible ill.  
I knew that he nursed a malice accurst, like the  
    blast of a winnowing flame;  
I pleaded aloud for a shield, for a shroud—Oh,  
    God! then calamity came.

## THE BALLAD OF PIOUS PETE

Mad! If I'm mad then you too are mad; but it's  
all in the point of view.  
If you'd looked at them things gallivantin' on  
wings, all purple and green and blue;  
If you'd noticed them twist, as they mounted and  
hissed like scorpions dim in the dark;  
If you'd seen them rebound with a horrible sound,  
and spitefully spitting a spark;  
If you'd watched *It* with dread, as it hissed by your  
bed, that thing with the feelers that crawls—  
You'd have settled the brute that attempted to  
shoot electricity into your walls.

Oh, some they were blue, and they slithered right  
through; they were silent and squashy and  
round;  
And some they were green; they were wriggly and  
lean; they writhed with so hateful a sound.  
My blood seemed to freeze; I fell on my knees;  
my face was a white splash of dread.  
Oh, the Green and the Blue, they were gruesome to  
view; but the worst of them all were the Red.  
They came through the door, they came through  
the floor, they came through the moss-  
creviced logs.  
They were savage and dire; they were whiskered  
with fire; they bickered like malamute dogs.

## THE BALLAD OF PIOUS PETE

They ravined in rings like iniquitous things; they  
gulped down the Green and the Blue.  
I crinkled with fear whene'er they drew near, and  
nearer and nearer they drew.

And then came the crown of Horror's grim crown,  
the monster so loathsomely red.  
Each eye was a pin that shot out and in, as, squid-  
like, it oozed to my bed;  
So softly it crept with feelers that swept and quiv-  
ered like fine copper wire;  
Its belly was white with a sulphurous light, its  
jaws were a-drooling with fire.  
It came and it came; I could breathe of its flame,  
but never a wink could I look.  
I thrust in its maw the Fount of the Law; I fended  
it off with the Book.  
I was weak—oh, so weak—but I thrilled at its  
shriek, as wildly it fled in the night;  
And deathlike I lay till the dawn of the day. (Was  
ever so welcome the light?)

I loaded my gun at the rise of the sun; to his cabin  
so softly I slunk.  
My neighbor was there in the frost-freighted air,  
all wrapped in a robe in his bunk.

## THE BALLAD OF PIOUS PETE

It muffled his moans; it outlined his bones, as  
feebly he twisted about;

His gums were so black, and his lips seemed to  
crack, and his teeth all were loosening out.

'Twas a death's head that peered through the  
tangle of beard; 'twas a face I will never  
forget;

Sunk eyes full of woe, and they troubled me so  
with their pleadings and anguish, and yet  
As I rested my gaze in a misty amaze on the  
scurvy-degenerate wreck,

I thought of the Things with the dragon-fly wings,  
then laid I my gun on his neck.

He gave out a cry that was faint as a sigh, like a  
perishing malamute,

And he says unto me, "I'm converted," says he;  
"for Christ's sake, Peter, don't shoot!"

\* \* \* \* \*

They're taking me out with an escort about, and  
under a sergeant's care;

I am numbled indeed, for I'm 'cuffed to a Swede  
that thinks he's a millionaire.

But it's all Gospel true what I'm telling to you—  
up there where the Shadow falls—

That I settled Sam Noot when he started to shoot  
electricity into my walls.



## THE BALLAD OF BLASPHEMOUS BILL

I took a contract to bury the body of blasphemous  
Bill MacKie,  
Whenever, wherever or whatsoever the manner of  
death he die—  
Whether he die in the light o' day or under the  
peak-faced moon;  
In cabin or dance-hall, camp or dive, mucklucks  
or patent shoon;  
On velvet tundra or virgin peak, by glacier, drift  
or draw;  
In muskeg hollow or canyon gloom, by avalanche,  
fang or claw;  
By battle, murder or sudden wealth, by pestilence,  
hooch or lead—  
I swore on the Book I would follow and look till I  
found my tombless dead.

For Bill was a dainty kind of cuss, and his mind  
was mighty sot  
On a dinky patch with flowers and grass in a civil-  
ized bone-yard lot.

## BALLAD OF BLASPHEMOUS BILL

And where he died or how he died, it didn't matter  
a damn  
So long as he had a grave with frills and a tomb-  
stone "epigram."  
So I promised him, and he paid the price in good  
cheechako coin  
(Which the same I blowed in that very night down  
in the Tenderloin).  
Then I painted a three-foot slab of pine: "Here  
lies poor Bill MacKie,"  
And I hung it up on my cabin wall and I waited  
for Bill to die.

Years passed away, and at last one day came a  
squaw with a story strange,  
Of a long-deserted line of traps 'way back of the  
Bighorn range;  
Of a little hut by the great divide, and a white man  
stiff and still,  
Lying there by his lonesome self, and I figured it  
must be Bill.  
So I thought of the contract I'd made with him,  
and I took down from the shelf  
The swell black box with the silver plate he'd picked  
out for hisself;  
And I packed it full of grub and "hooch," and I  
slung it on the sleigh;  
Then I harnessed up my team of dogs and was off  
at dawn of day.

## BALLAD OF BLASPHEMOUS BILL

You know what it's like in the Yukon wild when  
it's sixty-nine below;

When the ice-worms wriggle their purple heads  
through the crust of the pale blue snow;

When the pine-trees crack like little guns in the  
silence of the wood,

And the icicles hang down like tusks under the  
parka hood;

When the stove-pipe smoke breaks sudden off, and  
the sky is weirdly lit,

And the careless feel of a bit of steel burns like a  
red-hot spit;

When the mercury is a frozen ball, and the frost-  
fiend stalks to kill—

Well, it was just like that that day when I set out  
to look for Bill.

Oh, the awful hush that seemed to crush me down  
on every hand,

As I blundered blind with a trail to find through  
that blank and bitter land;

Half dazed, half crazed in the winter wild, with its  
grim heart-breaking woes,

And the ruthless strife for a grip on life that only  
the sourdough knows!

North by the compass, North I pressed; river and  
peak and plain

Passed like a dream I slept to lose and I waked to  
dream again

## BALLAD OF BLASPHEMOUS BILL

River and plain and mighty peak—and who could  
stand unawed ?  
As their summits blazed, he could stand undazed  
at the foot of the throne of God.  
North, aye, North, through a land accurst, shunned  
by the scouring brutes,  
And all I heard was my own harsh word and the  
whine of the malamutes,  
Till at last I came to a cabin squat, built in the side  
of a hill,  
And I burst in the door, and there on the floor,  
frozen to death, lay Bill.

Ice, white ice, like a winding-sheet, sheathing each  
smoke-grimed wall;  
Ice on the stove-pipe, ice on the bed, ice gleaming  
over all;  
Sparkling ice on the dead man's chest, glittering  
ice in his hair,  
Ice on his fingers, ice in his heart, ice in his glassy  
stare;  
Hard as a log and trussed like a frog, with his arms  
and legs outspread.  
I gazed at the coffin I'd brought for him, and I  
gazed at the gruesome dead,  
And at last I spoke: "Bill liked his joke; but still,  
goldarn his eyes,  
A man had ought to consider his mates in the way  
he goes and dies."

## BALLAD OF BLASPHEMOUS BILL

Have you ever stood in an Arctic hut in the shadow  
of the Pole,  
With a little coffin six by three and a grief you  
can't control?  
Have you ever sat by a frozen corpse that looks  
at you with a grin,  
And that seems to say: "You may try all day, but  
you'll never jam me in?"  
I'm not a man of the quitting kind, but I never  
felt so blue  
As I sat there gazing at that stiff and studying  
what I'd do.  
Then I rose and I kicked off the husky dogs that  
were nosing round about,  
And I lit a roaring fire in the stove, and I started  
to thaw Bill out.

Well, I thawed and thawed for thirteen days, but  
it didn't seem no good;  
His arms and legs stuck out like pegs, as if they  
was made of wood.  
Till at last L said: "It ain't no use—he's froze too  
hard to thaw;  
He's obstinate, and he won't lie straight, so I guess  
I got to—*saw*."  
So I sawed off poor Bill's arms and legs, and I laid  
him snug and straight  
In the little coffin he picked hisself, with the dinky  
silver plate;

## BALLAD OF BLASPHEMOUS BILL

And I came nigh near to shedding a tear as I nailed  
him safely down;  
Then I stowed him away in my Yukon sleigh, and  
I started back to town.

So I buried him as the contract was in a narrow  
grave and deep,  
And there he's waiting the Great Clean-up, when  
the Judgment sluice-heads sweep;  
And I smoke my pipe and I meditate in the light of  
the Midnight Sun,  
And sometimes I wonder if they *was*, the awful  
things I done.  
And as I sit and the parson talks, expounding of  
the Law,  
I often think of poor old Bill—*and how hard he was  
to saw,*

## THE BALLAD OF ONE-EYED MIKE

*This is the tale that was told to me by the man with  
the crystal eye,  
As I smoked my pipe in the camp-fire light, and the  
Glories swept the sky;  
As the Northlights gleamed and curved and streamed,  
and the bottle of "hooch" was dry.*

A man once aimed that my life be shamed, and  
wrought me a deathly wrong;  
I vowed one day I would well repay, but the heft  
of his hate was strong.  
He thonged me East and he thonged me West; he  
harried me back and forth,  
Till I fled in fright from his peerless spite to the  
bleak, bald-headed North.

And there I lay, and for many a day I hatched plan  
after plan,  
For a golden haul of the wherewithal to crush and  
to kill my man;

## THE BALLAD OF ONE-EYED MIKE

And there I strove, and there I clove through the  
drift of icy streams;  
And there I fought, and there I sought for the pay  
streak of my dreams.

So twenty years, with their hopes and fears and  
smiles and tears and such,  
Went by and left me long bereft of hope of the  
Midas touch;  
About as fat as a chancel rat, and lo! despite my  
will,  
In the weary fight I had clean lost sight of the man  
I sought to kill.

'Twas so far away, that evil day when I prayed  
the Prince of Gloom  
For the savage strength and the sullen length of  
life to work his doom.  
Nor sign nor word had I seen or heard, and it  
happed so long ago;  
My youth was gone and my memory wan, and I  
willed it even so.

It fell one night in the waning light by the Yukon's  
oily flow,  
I smoked and sat as I marvelled at the sky's port-  
winey glow;



## THE BALLAD OF ONE-EYED MIKE

Till it paled away to an absinthe gray, and the  
river seemed to shrink,  
All wobbly flakes and wriggling snakes and goblin  
eyes a-wink.

'Twas weird to see and it 'wildered me in a queer,  
hypnotic dream,  
Till I saw a spot like an inky blot come floating  
down the stream;  
It bobbed and swung; it sheered and hung; it  
romped round in a ring;  
It seemed to play in a tricksome way; it sure was  
a merry thing.

In freakish flights strange oily lights came fluttering  
round its head,  
Like butterflies of a monster size—then I knew it  
for the Dead.  
Its face was rubbed and slicked and scrubbed as  
smooth as a shaven pate;  
In the silver snakes that the water makes it gleamed  
like a dinner-plate.

It gurgled near, and clear and clear and large and  
large it grew;  
It stood upright in a ring of light and it looked me  
through and through.

## THE BALLAD OF ONE-EYED MIKE

It weltered round with a woozy sound, and ere I  
    could retreat,  
With the witless roll of a sodden soul it wantoned  
    to my feet.

And here I swear by this Cross I wear, I heard that  
    “floater” say:  
“I am the man from whom you ran, the man you  
    sought to slay.  
That you may note and gaze and gloat, and say  
    ‘Revenge is sweet,’  
In the grit and grime of the river’s slime I am  
    rotting at your feet.

“The ill we rue we must e’en undo, though it rive  
    us bone from bone;  
So it came about that I sought you out, for I prayed  
    I might atone.  
I did you wrong, and for long and long I sought  
    where you might live;  
And now you’re found, though I’m dead and  
    drowned, I beg you to forgive.”

So sad it seemed, and its cheek-bones gleamed,  
    and its fingers flicked the shore;  
And it lapped and lay in a weary way, and its hands  
    met to implore;

## THE BALLAD OF ONE-EYED MIKE

That I gently said: "Poor, restless dead, I would  
never work you woe;  
Though the wrong you rue you can ne'er undo,  
I forgave you long ago."

Then, wonder-wise, I rubbed my eyes and I woke  
from a horrid dream.  
The moon rode high in the naked sky, and some-  
thing bobbed in the stream.  
It held my sight in a patch of light, and then it  
sheered from the shore;  
It dipped and sank by a hollow bank, and I never  
saw it more.

*This was the tale he told to me, that man so warped  
and gray,  
Ere he slept and dreamed, and the camp-fire gleamed  
in his eye in a wolfish way—  
That crystal eye that raked the sky in the weird  
Auroral ray.*

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

'Twas up in a land long famed for gold, where  
    women were far and rare,  
Tellus, the smith, had taken to wife a maiden  
    amazingly fair;  
Tellus, the brawny worker in iron, hairy and heavy  
    of hand,  
Saw her and loved her and bore her away from the  
    tribe of a Southern land;  
Deeming her worthy to queen his home and mother  
    him little ones,  
That the name of Tellus, the master smith, might  
    live in his stalwart sons.

Now there was little of law in the land, and evil  
    doings were rife,  
And every man who joyed in his home guarded the  
    fame of his wife;  
For there were those of the silver tongue and the  
    honeyed art to beguile,  
Who would cozen the heart from a woman's breast  
    and damn her soul with a smile.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

And there were women too quick to heed a look  
or a whispered word,  
And once in a while a man was slain, and the ire  
of the King was stirred;  
So far and wide he proclaimed his wrath, and this  
was the law he willed:  
"That whosoever killeth a man, even shall he be  
killed."

Now Tellus, the smith, he trusted his wife; his  
heart was empty of fear.  
High on the hill was the gleam of their hearth, a  
beacon of love and cheer.  
High on the hill they builded their bower, where  
the broom and the bracken meet;  
Under a grave of oaks it was, hushed and drowsily  
sweet.  
Here he enshrined her, his dearest saint, his idol,  
the light of his eye;  
Her kisses rested upon his lips as brushes a butterfly.  
The weight of her arms around his neck was light  
as the thistle down;  
And sweetly she studied to win his smile, and gently  
she mocked his frown.  
And when at the close of the dusty day his clang-  
orous toil was done,  
She hastened to meet him down the way all lit by  
the amber sun.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

Their dove-cot gleamed in the golden light, a  
temple of stainless love;  
Like the hanging cup of a big blue flower was the  
topaz sky above. -  
The roses and lilies yearned to her, as swift through  
their throng she pressed;  
A little white, fragile, fluttering thing that lay like  
a child on his breast.  
'Then the heart of Tellus, the smith, was proud, and  
sang for the joy of life,  
And there in the bronzing summertide he thanked  
the gods for his wife.

Now there was one called Philo, a scribe, a man of  
exquisite grace,  
Carved like the god Apollo in limb, fair as Adonis  
in face;  
Eager and winning of manner, full of such radiant  
charm,  
Womenkind fought for his favor and loved to their  
uttermost harm.  
Such was his craft and his knowledge, such was his  
skill at the game,  
Never was woman could flout him, so be he plotted  
her shame.  
And so he drank deep of pleasure, and then it fell  
on a day  
He gazed on the wife of Tellus and marked her  
out for his prey.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

Tellus, the smith, was merry, and the time of the  
year it was June,  
So he said to his stalwart helpers: "Shut down  
the forge at noon.  
Go ye and joy in the sunshine, rest in the coolth of  
the grove,  
Drift on the dreamy river, every man with his love."  
Then to himself: "Oh, Belove!l, sweet will be your  
surprise;  
To-day will we sport like children, laugh in each  
other's eyes;  
Weave gay garlands of poppies, crown each other  
with flowers,  
Pull plump carp from the lilies, rifle the ferny  
bowers.  
To-day with feasting and gladness the wine of  
Cyprus will flow;  
To-day is the day we were wedded only a twelve-  
month ago."

The larks trilled high in the heavens; his heart was  
lyric with joy;  
He plucked a posy of lilies; he sped like a love-sick  
boy.  
He stole up the velvety pathway—his cottage was  
sunsteeped and still;  
Vines honeysuckled the window; softly he peeped  
o'er the sill.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

The lilies dropped from his fingers; devils were  
choking his breath;

Rigid with horror, he stiffened; ghastly his face  
was as death.

Like a nun whose faith in the Virgin is met with  
a prurient jibe,

He shrank—'twas the wife of his bosom in the  
arms of Philo, the scribe.

Tellus went back to his smithy; he reeled like a  
drunken man;

His heart was riven with anguish; his brain was  
brooding a plan.

Straight to his anvil he hurried; started his furnace  
aglow;

Heated his iron and shaped it with savage and  
masterful blow.

Sparks showered over and round him; swiftly under  
his hand

There at last it was finished—a hideous and in-  
famous Brand.

That night the wife of his bosom, the light of joy  
in her eyes,

Kissed him with words of rapture; but he knew  
that her words were lies.

Never was she so beguiling, never so merry of  
speech



## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

(For passion ripens a woman as the sunshine  
ripens a peach).

He clenched his teeth into silence; he yielded up  
to her lure,

Though he knew that her breasts were heaving  
from the fire of her paramour.

"To-morrow," he said, "to-morrow"—he wove  
her hair in a strand,

Twisted it round his fingers and smiled as he  
thought of the Brand.

The morrow was come, and Tellus swiftly stole up  
the hill.

Butterflies drowsed in the noon-heat; coverts were  
sunsteeped and still.

Softly he padded the pathway unto the porch, and  
within

Heard he the low laugh of dalliance, heard he the  
rapture of sin.

Knew he her eyes were mystic with light that no  
man should see,

No man kindle and joy in, no man on earth save  
he.

And never for him would it kindle. The blood-  
lust surged in his brain;

Through the senseless stone could he see them,  
wanton and warily fain.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

Horrible! Heaven he sought for, gained it and  
gloried and fell—

Oh, it was sudden—headlong into the nether-  
most hell. . . .

Was this he, Tellus, this marble? Tellus . . .  
not dreaming a dream?

Ah! sharp-edged as a javelin, was that a woman's  
scream?

Was it a door that shattered, shell-like, under his  
blow?

Was it his saint, that strumpet, dishevelled and  
cowering low?

Was it her lover, that wild thing, that twisted and  
gouged and tore?

Was it a man he was crushing, whose head he beat  
on the floor?

Laughing the while at its weakness, till sudden  
he stayed his hand—

Through the red ring of his madness flamed the  
thought of the Brand,

Then bound he the naked Philo with thongs that  
cut in the flesh,

And the wife of his bosom, fear-frantic, he gagged  
with a silken mesh,

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

Choking her screams into silence; bound her down  
by the hair;  
Dragged her lover unto her under her frenzied  
stare.  
In the heat of the hearth-fire embers he heated the  
hideous Brand;  
Twisting her fingers open, he forced its haft in her  
hand.  
He pressed it downward and downward; she felt  
the living flesh sear;  
She saw the throe of her lover; she heard the scream  
of his fear.  
Once, twice and thrice he forced her, heedless of  
prayer and shriek—  
Once on the forehead of Philo, twice in the soft of  
his cheek.  
Then (for the thing was finished) he said to the  
woman: "See  
How you have branded your lover! Now will I  
let him go free."  
He severed the thongs that bound him, laughing:  
"Revenge is sweet,"  
And Philo, sobbing in anguish, feebly rose to his  
feet.  
The man who was fair as Apollo, god-like in  
woman's sight,  
Hideous now as a satyr, fled to the pity of night.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRAND

*Then came they before the Judgment Seat, and thus  
spoke the Lord of the Land:*

*"He who seeketh his neighbor's wife shall suffer the  
doom of the Brand.*

*Brutish and bold on his brow be it stamped, deep in  
his cheek let it sear,*

*That every man may look on his shame, and shudder  
and sicken and fear.*

*He shall hear their mock in the market-place, their  
fleering jibe at the feast;*

*He shall seek the caves and the shroud of night, and  
the fellowship of the beast.*

*Outcast forever from homes of men, far and far shall  
he roam.*

*Such be the doom, sadder than death, of him who  
shameth a home."*

## THE BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

Now wouldn't you expect to find a man an awful  
crank  
That's staked out nigh three hundred claims, and  
every one a blank;  
That's followed every fool stampede, and seen the  
rise and fall  
Of camps where men got gold in chunks and he got  
none at all;  
That's prospected a bit of ground and sold it for  
a song  
To see it yield a fortune to some fool that came  
along;  
That's sunk a dozen bed-rock holes, and not a speck  
in sight,  
Yet sees them take a million from the claims to  
left and right?  
Now aren't things like that enough to drive a man  
to booze?  
But Hard-Luck Smith was hoodoo-proof—he knew  
the way to lose.

## BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

'Twas in the fall of nineteen four—leap-year I've  
heard them say—  
When Hard-Luck came to Hunker Creek and took  
a hillside lay.  
And lo! as if to make amends for all the futile  
past,  
Late in the year he struck it rich, the real pay-  
streak at last.  
The riffles of his sluicing-box were choked with  
speckled earth,  
And night and day he worked that lay for all that  
he was worth.  
And when in chill December's gloom his lucky  
lease expired,  
He found that he had made a stake as big as he  
desired.

One day while meditating on the waywardness of  
fate,  
He felt the ache of lonely man to find a fitting mate;  
A petticoated pard to cheer his solitary life,  
A woman with soft, soothing ways, a confidant, a  
wife.  
And while he cooked his supper on his little Yukon  
stove,  
He wished that he had staked a claim in Love's  
rich treasure-trove;

## BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

When suddenly he paused and held aloft a Yukon  
egg,  
For there in pencilled letters was the magic name  
of Peg.

You know these Yukon eggs of ours—some pink,  
some green, some blue—  
A dollar per, assorted tints, assorted flavors too.  
The supercilious cheechako might designate them  
high,  
But one acquires a taste for them and likes them  
by-and-by.  
Well, Hard-Luck Henry took this egg and held it  
to the light,  
And there was more faint pencilling that sorely  
taxed his sight.  
At last he made it out, and then the legend ran like  
this—  
“Will Klondike miner write to Peg, Plumhollow,  
Squashville, Wis.?”

That night he got to thinking of this far-off, un-  
known fair;  
It seemed so sort of opportune, an answer to his  
prayer.

## BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

She flitted sweetly through his dreams, she haunted  
him by day,  
She smiled through clouds of nicotine, she cheered  
his weary way.  
At last he yielded to the spell; his course of love  
he set—  
Wisconsin his objective point; his object, Margaret.

With every mile of sea and land his longing grew  
and grew.  
He practised all his pretty words, and these, I fear,  
were few.  
At last, one frosty evening, with a cold chill down  
his spine,  
He found himself before her house, the threshold  
of the shrine.  
His courage flickered to a spark, then glowed with  
sudden flame—  
He knocked; he heard a welcome word; she came  
—his goddess came.  
Oh, she was fair as any flower, and huskily he spoke:  
“I’m all the way from Klondike, with a mighty  
heavy poke.  
I’m looking for a lassie, one whose Christian name  
is Peg,  
Who sought a Klondike miner, and who wrote it  
on an egg.”



## BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

The lassie gazed at him a space, her cheeks grew  
rosy red;

She gazed at him with tear-bright eyes, then tenderly she said:

"Yes, lonely Klondike miner, it is true my name is  
Peg.

It's also true I longed for you and wrote it on an  
egg.

My heart went out to someone in that land of night  
and cold;

But oh, I fear that Yukon egg must have been  
mighty old.

I waited long, I hoped and feared; you should have  
come before;

I've been a wedded woman now for eighteen months  
or more.

I'm sorry, since you've come so far, you ain't the  
one that wins;

But won't you take a step inside—*I'll let you see  
the twins.*"

## THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's just arrived  
in town,

In moccasins and oily buckskin shirt.

He's gaunt as any Indian, and pretty nigh as brown;

He's greasy, and he smells of sweat and dirt.

He sports a crop of whiskers that would shame a  
healthy hog;

Hard work has racked his joints and stooped  
his back;

He slops along the sidewalk followed by his yellow  
dog,

But he's got a bunch of gold-dust in his sack.

He seems a little wistful as he blinks at all the  
lights,

And maybe he is thinking of his claim

And the dark and dwarfish cabin where he lay and  
dreamed at nights,

(Thank God, he'll never see the place again!)

## THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

Where he lived on tinned tomatoes, beef embalmed  
and sourdough bread,  
On rusty beans and bacon furred with mould;  
His stomach's out of kilter and his system full of  
lead,  
But it's over, and his poke is full of gold.

He has panted at the windlass, he has loaded in the  
drift,  
He has pounded at the face of oozy clay;  
He has taxed himself to sickness, dark and damp  
and double shift,  
He has labored like a demon night and day.  
And now, praise God, it's over, and he seems to  
breathe again  
Of new-mown hay, the warm, wet, friendly loam;  
He sees a snowy orchard in a green and dimpling  
plain,  
And a little vine-clad cottage, and it's—Home.

### II.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's had a bite  
and sup,  
And he's met in with a drouthy friend or two;  
He's cached away his gold-dust, but he's sort of  
bucking up,  
So he's kept enough to-night to see him through.

## THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

His eye is bright and genial, his tongue no longer lags;

His heart is brimming o'er with joy and mirth;  
He may be far from savory, he may be clad in rags,  
But to-night he feels as if he owns the earth.

Says he: "Boys, here is where the shaggy North  
and I will shake;

I thought I'd never manage to get free.

I kept on making misses; but at last I've got my  
stake;

There's no more thawing frozen muck for me.

I am going to God's Country, where I'll live the  
simple life;

I'll buy a bit of land and make a start;

I'll carve a little homestead, and I'll win a little  
wife,

And raise ten little kids to cheer my heart."

They signified their sympathy by crowding to the  
bar;

They bellied up three deep and drank his health.  
He shed a radiant smile around and smoked a rank  
cigar;

They wished him honor, happiness and wealth.  
They drank unto his wife to be—that unsuspecting  
maid;

They drank unto his children half a score;

## THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

And when they got through drinking very tenderly they laid  
The man from Eldorado on the floor.

### III.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's only starting in

To cultivate a thousand-dollar jag.

His poke is full of gold-dust and his heart is full of sin,

And he's dancing with a girl called Muckluck Mag.

She's as light as any fairy; she's as pretty as a peach;

She's mistress of the witchcraft to beguile;

There's sunshine in her manner, there is music in her speech,

And there's concentrated honey in her smile.

Oh, the fever of the dance-hall and the glitter and the shine,

The beauty, and the jewels, and the whirl,

The madness of the music, the rapture of the wine,

The languorous allurements of a girl!

She is like a lost madonna; he is gaunt, unkempt and grim;

But she fondles him and gazes in his eyes;

Her kisses seek his heavy lips, and soon it seems to him

He has staked a little claim in Paradise.

## THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

‘Who’s for a juicy two-step?’ cries the master of the floor;

The music throbs with soft, seductive beat.  
There’s glitter, gilt and gladness; there are pretty girls galore;

There’s a woolly man with moccasins on feet.  
They know they’ve got him going; he is buying wine for all;

They crowd around as buzzards at a feast,  
Then when his poke is empty they boost him from the hall,

And spurn him in the gutter like a beast.

He’s the man from Eldorado, and he’s painting red the town;

Behind he leaves a trail of yellow dust;  
In a whirl of senseless riot he is ramping up and down;

There’s nothing checks his madness and his lust.

And soon the word is passed around—it travels like a flame;

They fight to clutch his hand and call him friend,  
The chevaliers of lost repute, the dames of sorry fame;

Then comes the grim awakening—the end.

# THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

## IV.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he gives a grand affair;

There's feasting, dancing, wine without restraint.

The smooth Beau Brummels of the bar, the faro men, are there;

The tinhorns and purveyors of red paint;

The sleek and painted women, their predacious eyes aglow—

Sure Klondike City never saw the like;

Then Muckluck Mag proposed the toast, "The giver of the show,

The livest sport that ever hit the pike."

The "live one" rises to his feet; he stammers to reply—

And then there comes before his muddled brain  
A vision of green vastitudes beneath an April sky,

And clover pastures drenched with silver rain.  
He knows that it can never be, that he is down and out;

Life leers at him with foul and fetid breath;  
And then amid the revelry, the song and cheer and shout,

He suddenly grows grim and cold as death.

## THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

He grips the table tensely, and he says: "Dear  
friends of mine,

I've let you dip your fingers in my purse;  
I've crammed you at my table, and I've drowned  
you in my wine,

And I've little left to give you but—my curse.  
I've failed supremely in my plans; it's rather late  
to whine;

My poke is mighty weasened up and small.  
I thank you each for coming here; the happiness  
is mine—

And now, you thieves and harlots, take it all."

He twists the thong from off his poke; he swings  
it o'er his head;

The nuggets fall around their feet like grain.  
They rattle over roof and wall; they scatter, roll  
and spread;

The dust is like a shower of golden rain.  
The guests a moment stand aghast, then grovel on  
the floor;

They fight, and snarl, and claw, like beasts of  
prey;  
And then, as everybody grabbed and everybody  
swore,

The man from Eldorado slipped away.



## THE MAN FROM ELDORADO

### V.

He's the man from Eldorado, and they found him  
stiff and dead,

Half covered by the freezing ooze and dirt.

A clotted Colt was in his hand, a hole was in his  
head,

And he wore an old and oily buckskin shirt.

His eyes were fixed and horrible, as one who hails  
the end;

The frost had set him rigid as a log;

And there, half lying on his breast, his last and only  
friend,

There crouched and whined a mangy yellow dog.

## MY FRIENDS

The man above was a murderer, the man below  
was a thief;  
And I lay there in the bunk between, ailing beyond  
belief;  
A weary armful of skin and bone, wasted with pain  
and grief.

My feet were froze, and the lifeless toes were purple  
and green and gray;  
The little flesh that clung to my bones, you could  
punch it in holes like clay;  
The skin on my gums was a sullen black, and slowly  
peeling away.

I was sure enough in a direful fix, and often I wondered why  
They did not take the chance that was left and  
leave me alone to die,  
Or finish me off with a dose of dope—so utterly  
lost was I.

## MY FRIENDS

But no; they brewed me the green-spruce tea, and  
nursed me there like a child;  
And the homicide he was good to me, and bathed  
my sores and smiled;  
And the thief he starved that I might be fed, and  
his eyes were kind and mild.

Yet they were woefully wicked men, and often at  
night in pain  
I heard the murderer speak of his deed and dream  
it over again;  
I heard the poor thief sorrowing for the dead self  
he had slain.

I'll never forget that bitter dawn, so evil, askew  
and gray,  
When they wrapped me round in the skins of  
beasts and they bore me to a sleigh,  
And we started out with the nearest post an hun-  
dred miles away.

I'll never forget the trail they broke, with its tense,  
unuttered woe;  
And the crunch, crunch, crunch as their snow-  
shoes sank through the crust of the hollow  
snow;  
And my breath would fail, and every beat of my  
heart was like a blow.

## MY FRIENDS

And oftentimes I would die the death, yet wake  
up to life anew;  
The sun would be all ablaze on the waste, and the  
sky a blighting blue,  
And the tears would rise in my snow-blind eyes  
and furrow my cheeks like dew.

And the camps we made when their strength out-  
played and the day was pinched and wan;  
And oh, the joy of that blessed halt, and how I  
did dread the dawn;  
And how I hated the weary men who rose and  
dragged me on.

And oh, how I begged to rest, to rest—the snow  
was so sweet a shroud;  
And oh, how I cried when they urged me on, cried  
and cursed them aloud;  
Yet on they strained, all racked and pained, and  
sorely their backs were bowed.

And then it was all like a lurid dream, and I prayed  
for a swift release  
From the ruthless ones who would not leave me to  
die alone in peace;  
Till I wakened up and I found myself at the post  
of the Mounted Police.

## MY FRIENDS

And there was my friend the murderer, and there  
was my friend the thief,  
With bracelets of steel around their wrists, and  
wicked beyond belief:  
But when they come to God's judgment seat—  
may I be allowed the brief.

## THE PROSPECTOR

I strolled up old Bonanza, where I staked in ninety-eight,

A-purpose to revisit the old claim.

I kept thinking mighty sadly of the funny ways of Fate,

And the lads who once were with me in the game.

Poor boys, they're down-and-outers, and there's scarcely one to-day

Can show a dozen colors in his poke;

And me, I'm still prospecting, old and battered, gaunt and gray,

And I'm looking for a grub-stake, and I'm broke.

I strolled up old Bonanza. The same old moon looked down;

The same old landmarks seemed to yearn to me;

But the cabins all were silent, and the flat, once like a town,

Was mighty still and lonesome-like to see.

## THE PROSPECTOR

There were piles and piles of tailings where we  
toiled with pick and pan,

And turning round a bend I heard a roar,  
And there a giant gold-ship of the very newest plan  
Was tearing chunks of pay-dirt from the shore.

It wallowed in its water-bed; it burrowed, heaved  
and swung;

It gnawed its way ahead with grunts and sighs;  
Its bill of fare was rock and sand; the tailings  
were its dung;

It glared around with fierce electric eyes.  
Full fifty buckets crammed its maw; it bellowed  
out for more;

It looked like some great monster in the gloom.  
With two to feed its sateless greed, it worked for  
seven score,

And I sighed: "Ah, old-time miner, here's your  
doom!"

The idle windlass turns to rust; the sagging sluice-  
box falls;

The holes you digged are water to the brim;  
Your little sod-roofed cabins with the snugly moss-  
chinked walls

Are deathly now and mouldering and dim.  
The battle-field is silent where of old you fought  
it out;

The claims you fiercely won are lost and sold;

## THE PROSPECTOR

But there's a little army that they'll never put to  
rout—

The men who simply live to seek the gold.

The men who can't remember when they learned  
to swing a pack,

Or in what lawless land the quest began;

The solitary seeker with his grub-stake on his back,

The restless buccaneer of pick and pan.

On the mesas of the Southland, on the tundras of  
the North,

You will find us, changed in face but still the  
same;

And it isn't need, it isn't greed that sends us faring  
forth—

It's the fever, it's the glory of the game.

For once you've panned the speckled sand and seen  
the bonny dust,

Its peerless brightness blinds you like a spell;

It's little else you care about; you go because you  
must,

And you feel that you could follow it to hell.

You'd follow it in hunger, and you'd follow it in  
cold;

You'd follow it in solitude and pain;



## THE PROSPECTOR

And when you're stiff and battened down let some-  
one whisper "Gold,"  
You're lief to rise and follow it again.

Yet look you, if I find the stuff it's just like so much  
dirt;

I fling it to the four winds like a child.  
It's wine and painted women and the things that  
do me hurt,

Till I crawl back, beggared, broken, to the Wild.  
Till I crawl back, sapped and sodden, to my grub-  
stake and my tent—

There's a city, there's an army (hear them  
shout).  
There's the gold in millions, millions, but I haven't  
got a cent;  
And oh, it's me, it's me that found it out.

It was my dream that made it good, my dream  
that made me go

To lands of dread and death disprized of man;  
But oh, I've known a glory that their hearts will  
never know,

When I picked the first big nugget from my pan.  
It's still my dream, my dauntless dream, that drives  
me forth once more

To seek and starve and suffer in the Vast;

## THE PROSPECTOR

That heaps my heart with eager hope, that glimmers on before—

My dream that will uplift me to the last.

Perhaps I am stark crazy, but there's none of you too sane;

It's just a little matter of degree.

My hobby is to hunt out gold; it's fortified in my brain;

It's life and love and wife and home to me.

And I'll strike it, yes, I'll strike it; I've a hunch I cannot fail;

I've a vision, I've a prompting, I've a call;

I hear the hoarse stampeding of an army on my trail,

To the last, the greatest gold camp of them all.

Beyond the shark-tooth ranges sawing savage at the sky

There's a lowering land no white man ever struck;

There's gold, there's gold in millions, and I'll find it if I die,

And I'm going there once more to try my luck.

Maybe I'll fail—what matter? It's a mandate, it's a vow;

And when in lands of dreariness and dread

You seek the last lone frontier, far beyond your frontiers now,

You will find the old prospector, silent, dead.

## THE PROSPECTOR

*You will find a tattered tent-pole with a ragged robe  
below it;*

*You will find a rusted gold-pan on the sod;*

*You will find the claim I'm seeking, with my bones  
as stakes to show it;*

*But I've sought the last Recorder, and He's—God.*

## THE BLACK SHEEP

"The aristocratic ne'er-do-well in Canada frequently finds his way into the ranks of the Royal North-West Mounted Police."—*Extract.*

*Hark to the ewe that bore him:*

*"What has muddied the strain?*

*Never his brothers before him*

*Showed the hint of a stain."*

*Hark to the tups and wethers;*

*Hark to the old gray ram:*

*"We're all of us white, but he's black as night,  
And he'll never be worth a damn."*

I'm up on the bally wood-pile at the back of the  
barracks yard;

"A damned disgrace to the force, sir." with a  
comrade standing guard;

Making the bluff I'm busy, doing my six months  
hard.

## THE BLACK SHEEP

"Six months hard and dismissed, sir." Isn't that  
rather hell?

And all because of the liquor laws and the wiles  
of a native belle—

Some "hooch" I gave to a siwash brave who swore  
that he wouldn't tell.

At least they *say* that I did it. It's so in the town  
report.

All that I can recall is a night of revel and sport,  
When I woke with a "head" in the guard-room,  
and they dragged me sick into court.

And the O. C. said: "You are guilty," and I said  
never a word;

For, hang it, you see I couldn't—I didn't know *what*  
had occurred,

And, under the circumstances, denial would be  
absurd.

But the one that cooked my bacon was Grubbe, of  
the City Patrol.

He fagged for my room at Eton, and didn't I devil  
his soul!

And now he is getting even, landing me down in  
the hole.

## THE BLACK SHEEP

Plugging away on the wood-pile; doing chores  
round the square.

- There goes an officer's lady—gives me a haughty  
stare—

Me that's an earl's own nephew—that is the  
hardest to bear.

To think of the poor old mater awaiting her prodi-  
gal son.

Tho' I broke her heart with my folly, I was always  
the white-haired one.

(That fatted calf that they're cooking will surely  
be overdone.)

I'll go back and yarn to the Bishop; I'll dance  
with the village belle;

I'll hand round tea to the ladies, and everything  
will be well.

Where I have been won't matter; what I have  
seen I won't tell.

I'll soar to their ken like a comet. They'll see me  
with never a stain;

But will they reform me?—far from it. We pay  
for our pleasure with pain;

But the dog will return to his vomit, the hog to  
his wallow again.

## THE BLACK SHEEP

I've chewed on the rind of creation, and bitter I've  
tasted the same;  
Stacked up against hell and damnation, I've managed  
to stay in the game;  
I've had my moments of sorrow; I've had my  
seasons of shame.

That's past; when one's nature's a cracked one,  
it's too jolly hard to mend.  
So long as the road is level, so long as I've cash to  
spend,  
I'm bound to go to the devil, and it's all the same  
in the end

The bugle is sounding for stables; the men troop  
off through the gloom;  
An orderly laying the tables sings in the bright  
mess-room.  
(I'll wash in the prison bucket, and brush with the  
prison broom.)

I'll lie in my cell and listen; I'll wish that I couldn't  
hear  
The laugh and the chaff of the fellows swigging the  
canteen beer;  
The nasal tone of the gramophone playing "The  
Bandolier."

## THE BLACK SHEEP

And it seems to me, though it's misty, that night  
of the flowing bowl,  
That the man who potlatched the whiskey and  
landed me into the hole  
*Was Grubbe, that unmerciful bounder, Grubbe, of the  
City Patrol.*



## THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

I will not wash my face;  
I will not brush my hair;  
I "pig" around the place—  
There's nobody to care.  
Nothing but rock and tree;  
Nothing but wood and stone,  
Oh, God, it's hell to be  
Alone, alone, alone!

Snow-peaks and deep-gashed draws  
Corral me in a ring.  
I feel as if I was  
The only living thing  
On all this blighted earth;  
And so I frowst and shrink,  
And crouching by my hearth  
I hear the thoughts I think.

I think of all I miss—  
The boys I used to know;  
The girls I used to kiss;  
The coin I used to blow:

## THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

The bars I used to haunt;  
The racket and the row;  
The beers I didn't want  
(I wish I had 'em now).

Day after day the same,  
Only a little worse;  
No one to grouch or blame—  
Oh, for a loving curse!  
Oh, in the night I fear,  
Haunted by nameless things,  
Just for a voice to cheer,  
Just for a hand that clings!

Faintly as from a star  
Voices come o'er the line;  
Voices of ghosts afar,  
Not in this world of mine;  
Lives in whose loom I grope;  
Words in whose web I hear  
Eager the thrill of hope,  
Awful the chill of fear.

I'm thinking out aloud;  
I reckon that is bad;  
(The snow is like a shroud)—  
Maybe I'm going mad.

## THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

Say! wouldn't that be tough?  
This awful hush that hugs  
And chokes one is enough  
To make a man go "bugs."

There's not a thing to do;  
I cannot sleep at night;  
No wonder I'm so blue;  
Oh, for a friendly fight!  
The din and rush of strife;  
A music-hall aglow;  
A crowd, a city, life—  
Dear God, I miss it so!

Here, you have moped enough!  
Brace up and play the game!  
But say, it's awful tough—  
Day after day the same  
(I've said that twice, I bet).  
Well, there's not much to say.  
I wish I had a pet,  
Or something I could play.

Cheer up! don't get so glum  
And sick of everything;  
The worst is yet to come;  
God help you till the Spring.

## THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

God shield you from the Fear;  
Teach you to laugh, not moan.  
Ha! ha! it sounds so queer—  
Alone, alone, alone!

## THE WOOD-CUTTER

*The sky is like an envelope,  
One of those blue official things;  
And, sealing it, to mock our hope,  
The moon, a silver wafer, clings.  
What shall we find when death gives leave  
To read—our sentence or reprieve?*

I'm holding it down on God's scrap-pile, up on the  
fag-end of earth;  
O'er me a menace of mountains, a river that  
grits at my feet;  
Face to face with my soul-self, weighing my life  
at its worth;  
Wondering what I was made for, here in my  
last retreat.

Last! Ah, yes, it's the finish. Have ever you heard  
a man cry?  
(Sobs that rake him and rend him, right from  
the base of the chest.)

## THE WOOD-CUTTER

That's how I've cried, oh, so often; and now  
that my tears are dry,

I sit in the desolate quiet and wait for the  
infinite Rest.

Rest! Well, it's restful around me; it's quiet clean  
to the core.

The mountains pose in their ermine, in golden  
the hills are clad;

The big, blue, silt-freighted Yukon seethes by my  
cabin door,

And I think it's only the river that keeps me  
from going mad.

By day it's a ruthless monster, a callous, insatiate  
thing,

With oily bubble and eddy, with sudden swirling  
of breast;

By night it's a writhing Titan, sullenly murmuring,  
Ever and ever goaded, and ever crying for rest.

It cries for its human tribute, but me it will never  
drown.

I've learned the lore of my river; my river  
obeys me well.

I hew and I launch my cordwood, and raft it to  
Dawson town,

Where wood means wine and women, and,  
incidentally, hell.

## THE WOOD-CUTTER

Hell and the anguish thereafter. Here as I sit  
alone

I'd give the life I have left me to lighten some  
load of care:

(The bitterest part of the bitter is being denied to  
atone;

Lips that have mocked at Heaven lend them-  
selves ill to prayer.)

*Impotent as a beetle pierced on the needle of Fate;*

*A wretch in a cosmic death-cell, peaks for my prison  
bars;*

*'Whelmed by a world stupendous, lonely and listless  
I wait,*

*Drowned in a sea of silence, strewn with confetti  
of stars.*

See! from far up the valley a rapier pierces the  
night,

The white search-ray of a steamer. Swiftly,  
serenely it nears;

A proud, white, alien presence, a glittering galley  
of light,

Confident-poised, triumphant, freighted with  
hopes and fears.

I look as one looks on a vision; I see it pulsating by;  
I glimpse joy-radiant faces; I hear the thresh  
of the wheel.

## THE WOOD-CUTTER

Hoof-like my heart beats a moment; then silence  
swoops from the sky.

Darkness is piled upon darkness. God only  
knows how I feel.

Maybe you've seen me sometimes; maybe you've  
pitied me then—

The lonely waif of the wood-camp, here by my  
cabin door.

Some day you'll look and see not; futile and out-  
cast of men,

I shall be far from your pity, resting forevermore.

*My life was a problem in ciphers, a weary and  
profitless sum.*

*Slipshod and stupid I worked it, dazed by negation  
and doubt.*

*Ciphers the total confronts me. Oh, Death, with thy  
moistened thumb,*

*Stoop like a petulant schoolboy, wipe me forever out!*



## THE SONG OF THE MOUTH-ORGAN

(With apologies to the singer of the "Song of the Banjo.")

I'm a homely little bit of tin and bone;  
I'm beloved by the Legion of the Lost;  
I haven't got a "vox humana" tone,  
And a dime or two will satisfy my cost.  
I don't attempt your high-falutin' flights;  
I am more or less uncertain on the key;  
But I tell you, boys, there's lots and lots of nights  
When you've taken mighty comfort out of me.

I weigh an ounce or two, and I'm so small  
You can pack me in the pocket of your vest;  
And when at night so wearily you crawl  
Into your bunk and stretch your limbs to rest,  
You take me out and play me soft and low,  
The simple songs that trouble your heartstrings;  
The tunes you used to fancy long ago,  
Before you made a rotten mess of things.

## THE SONG OF THE MOUTH-ORGAN

Then a dreamy look will come into your eyes,  
And you break off in the middle of a note;  
And then, with just the dreariest of sighs,  
You drop me in the pocket of your coat.  
But somehow I have bucked you up a bit;  
And, as you turn around and face the wall,  
You don't feel quite so spineless and unfit—  
You're not so bad a fellow after all.

Do you recollect the bitter Arctic night;  
Your camp beside the canyon on the trail;  
Your tent a tiny square of orange light;  
The moon above consumptive-like and pale;  
Your supper cooked, your little stove aglow;  
You tired, but snug and happy as a child?  
Then 'twas "Turkey in the Straw" till your lips  
were nearly raw,  
And you hurled your bold defiance at the Wild

Do you recollect the flashing, lashing pain;  
The gulf of humid blackness overhead;  
The lightning making rapiers of the rain;  
The cattle-horns like candles of the dead  
You sitting on your bronco there alone,  
In your slicker, saddle-sore and sick with cold?  
Do you think the silent herd did not hear "The  
Mocking Bird,"  
Or relish "Silver Threads among the Gold?"

## THE SONG OF THE MOUTH-ORGAN

Do you recollect the wild Magellan coast;  
The head-winds and the icy, roaring seas;  
The nights you thought that everything was lost;  
The days you toiled in water to your knees;  
The frozen ratlines shrieking in the gale;  
The hissing steeps and gulfs of livid foam:  
When you cheered your messmates nine with "Ben  
Bolt" and "Clementine,"  
And "Dixie Land" and "Seeing Nellie Home?"

Let the jammy banjo voice the Younger Son,  
Who waits for his remittance to arrive;  
I represent the grimy, gritty one,  
Who sweats his bones to keep himself alive;  
Who's up against the real thing from his birth;  
Whose heritage is hard and bitter toil;  
I voice the weary, smeary ones of earth,  
The helots of the sea and of the soil.

I'm the Steinway of strange mischief and mischance;  
I'm the Stradivarius of blank defeat;  
In the down-world, when the devil leads the dance,  
I am simply and symbolically meet;  
I'm the irrepressive spirit of mankind;  
I'm the small boy playing knuckle down with  
Death;  
At the end of all things known, where God's rubbish-  
heap is thrown,  
I shrill impudent triumph at a breath.

## THE SONG OF THE MOUTH-ORGAN

I'm a humble little bit of tin and horn;

I'm a byword, I'm a plaything, I'm a jest;

The virtuoso looks on me with scorn;

But there's times when I am better than the  
best.

Ask the stoker and the sailor of the sea;

Ask the mucker and the hewer of the pine;

Ask the herder of the plain, ask the gleaner of the  
grain—

There's a lowly, loving kingdom—and it's mine.

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

### I

Gold! We leapt from our benches. Gold! We  
sprang from our stools.

Gold! We wheeled in the furrow, fired with the  
faith of fools.

Fearless, unfound, unfitted, far from the night and  
the cold,

Heard we the clarion summons, followed the master-  
lure—Gold!

Men from the sands of the Sunland; men from the  
woods of the West;

Men from the farms and the cities, into the North-  
land we pressed.

Graybeards and striplings and women, good men  
and bad men and bold,

Leaving our homes and our loved ones, crying  
exultantly—"Gold!"

Never was seen such an army, pitiful, futile, unfit;  
Never was seen such a spirit, manifold courage and  
grit

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

Never has been such a cohort under one banner  
unrolled  
As surged to the ragged-edged Arctic, urged by  
the arch-tempter—Gold.

“Farewell!” we cried to our dearests; little we  
cared for their tears.  
“Farewell!” we cried to the humdrum and the yoke  
of the hireling years;  
Just like a pack of school-boys, and the big crowd  
cheered us good-bye.  
Never were hearts so uplifted, never were hopes so  
high.

The spectral shores flitted past us, and every whirl  
of the screw  
Hurled us nearer to fortune, and ever we planned  
what we’d do—  
Do with the gold when we got it—big, shiny  
nuggets like plums,  
There in the sand of the river, gouging it out with  
our thumbs.

And one man wanted a castle, another a racing  
stud;  
A third would cruise in a palace yacht like a red-  
necked prince of blood.

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

And so we dreamed and we vaunted, millionaires  
to a man,  
Leaping to wealth in our visions long ere the trail  
began.

### II.

We landed in wind-swept Skagway. We joined  
the weltering mass,  
Clamoring over their outfits, waiting to climb the  
Pass.

We tightened our girths and our pack-traps; we  
linked on the Human Chain,  
Struggling up to the summit, where every step was  
a pain.

Gone was the joy of our faces, grim and haggard  
and pale;

The heedless mirth of the shipboard was changed  
to the care of the trail.

We flung ourselves in the struggle, packing our  
grub in relays,

Step by step to the summit in the bale of the winter  
days.

Floundering deep in the sump-holes, stumbling out  
again;

Crying with cold and weakness, crazy with fear and  
pain.

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

Then from the depths of our travail, ere our spirits  
were broke,  
Grim, tenacious and savage, the lust of the trail  
awoke.

"Klondike or bust!" rang the slogan; every man  
for his own.  
Oh, how we flogged the horses, staggering skin and  
bone!  
Oh, how we cursed their weakness, anguish they  
could not tell,  
Breaking their hearts in our passion, lashing them  
on till they fell!

For grub meant gold to our thinking, and all that  
could walk must pack;  
The sheep for the shambles stumbled, each with a  
load on its back;  
And even the swine were burdened, and grunted  
and squealed and rolled,  
And men went mad in the moment, huskily clam-  
oring "Gold!"

Oh, we were brutes and devils, goaded by lust and  
fear!  
Our eyes were strained to the summit; the weak-  
lings dropped to the rear,



## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

Falling in heaps by the trail-side, heart-broken,  
limp and wan;  
But the gaps closed up in an instant, and heedless  
the chain went on.

Never will I forget it, there on the mountain face,  
Antlike, men with their burdens, clinging in icy  
space;  
Dogged, determined and dauntless, cruel and cal-  
lous and cold,  
Cursing, blaspheming, reviling, and ever that battle-  
cry—"Gold!"

Thus toiled we, the army of fortune, in hunger and  
hope and despair,  
Till glacier, mountain and forest vanished, and,  
radiantly fair,  
There at our feet lay Lake Bennett, and down to  
its welcome we ran:  
The trail of the land was over, the trail of the water  
began.

### III.

We built our boats and we launched them. Never  
has been such a fleet;  
A packing-case for a bottom, a mackinaw for a sheet.  
Shapeless, grotesque, lopsided, flimsy, makeshift  
and crude,  
Each man after his fashion builded as best he could.

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

Each man worked like a demon, as prow to rudder  
we raced;  
The winds of the Wild cried "Hurry!" the voice of  
the waters, "Haste!"  
We hated those driving before us; we dreaded  
those pressing behind;  
We cursed the slow current that bore us; we prayed  
to the God of the wind.

Spring! and the hillsides flourished, vivid in jew-  
elled green;  
Spring! and our hearts' blood nourished envy and  
hatred and spleen.  
Little cared we for the Spring-birth; much cared  
we to get on—  
Stake in the Great White Channel, stake ere the  
best be gone.

The greed of the gold possessed us; pity and love  
were forgot;  
Covetous visions obsessed us; brother with brother  
fought.  
Partner with partner wrangled, each one claiming  
his due;  
Wrangled and halved their outfits, sawing their  
boats in two.

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

Thuswise we voyaged Lake Bennett, Tagish,  
then Windy Arm,  
Sinister, savage and baleful, boding us hate and  
harm.  
Many a scow was shattered there on that iron  
shore;  
Many a heart was broken straining at sweep and  
oar.

We roused Lake Marsh with a chorus, we drifted  
many a mile;  
There was the canyon before us—cave-like its  
dark defile;  
The shores swept faster and faster; the river nar-  
rowed to wrath;  
Waters that hissed disaster reared upright in our  
path.

Beneath us the green tumult churning, above us  
the cavernous gloom;  
Around us, swift twisting and turning, the black,  
sullen walls of a tomb.  
We spun like a chip in a mill-race; our hearts ham-  
mered under the test;  
Then—oh, the relief on each chill face!—we soared  
into sunlight and rest.

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

Hand sought for hand on the instant. Cried we,  
"Our troubles are o'er!"

Then, like a rumble of thunder, heard we a canorous  
roar.

Leaping and boiling and seething, saw we a cauldron  
afume;

There was the rage of the rapids, there was the  
menace of doom.

The river springs like a racer, sweeps through a  
gash in the rock;

Buts at the boulder-ribbed bottom, staggers and  
rears at the shock;

Leaps like a terrified monster, writhes in its fury  
and pain;

Then with the crash of a demon springs to the  
onset again.

Dared we that ravening terror; heard we its din  
in our ears;

Called on the Gods of our fathers, juggled forlorn  
with our fears;

Sank to our waists in its fury, tossed to the sky  
like a fleece;

Then, when our dread was the greatest, crashed  
into safety and peace.

## THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT

But what of the others that followed, losing their  
boats by the score?

Well could we see them and hear them, strung  
down that desolate shore.

What of the poor souls that perished? Little of  
them shall be said—

On to the Golden Valley, pause not to bury the  
dead.

Then there were days of drifting, breezes soft as a  
sigh;

Night trailed her robe of jewels over the floor of  
the sky.

The moonlit stream was a python, silver, sinuous,  
vast,

That writhed on a shroud of velvet—well, it was  
done at last.

There were the tents of Dawson, there the scar of  
the slide;

Swiftly we poled o'er the shallows, swiftly leapt  
o'er the side.

Fires fringed the mouth of Bonanza; sunset gilded  
the dome;

The test of the trail was over—thank God, thank  
God, we were Home!

## THE BALLAD OF GUM-BOOT BEN

*He was an old prospector with a vision bleared and dim.*

*He asked me for a grubstake, and the same I gave to him.*

*He hinted of a hidden trove, and when I made so bold*

*To question his veracity, this is the tale he told.*

"I do not seek the copper streak, nor yet the yellow dust;

I am not fain for sake of gain to irk the frozen crust;

Let fellows gross find gilded dross, far other is my mark;

Oh, gentle youth, this is the truth—I go to seek the Ark.

"I prospected the Pelly bed, I prospected the White;

The Nordenscold for love of gold I piked from morn till night;

## THE BALLAD OF GUM-BOOT BEN

Afar and near for many a year I led the wild  
stampede,  
Until I guessed that all my quest was vanity and  
greed.

“Then came I to a land I knew no man had ever  
seen,  
A haggard land, forlornly spanned by mountains  
lank and lean;  
The nitchies said 'twas full of dread, of smoke and  
fiery breath,  
And no man dare put foot in there for fear of pain  
and death.

“But I was made all unafraid, so, careless and alone,  
Day after day I made my way into that land  
unknown;  
Night after night by camp-fire light I crouched in  
lonely thought;  
Oh, gentle youth, this is the truth—I knew not  
what I sought.

“I rose at dawn; I wandered on. 'Tis somewhat  
fine and grand  
To be alone and hold your own in God's vast  
awesome land;

## THE BALLAD OF GUM-BOOT BEN

Come woe or weal, 'tis fine to feel a hundred  
miles between  
The trails you dare and pathways where the feet  
of men have been.

"And so it fell on me a spell of wander-lust was  
cast.  
The land was still and strange and chill, and  
cavernous and vast;  
And sad and dead, and dull as lead, the valleys  
sought the snows;  
And far and wide on every side the ashen peaks  
arose.

"The moon was like a silent spike that pierced  
the sky right through;  
The small stars popped and winked and hopped  
in vastitudes of blue;  
And unto me for company came creatures of the  
shade,  
And formed in rings and whispered things that  
made me half afraid.

"And strange though be, 'twas borne on me that  
land had lived of old,  
And men had crept and slain and slept where now  
they toiled for gold;



## THE BALLAD OF GUM-BOOT BEN

Through jungles dim the mammoth grim had  
sought the oozy fen,  
And on his track, all bent of back, had crawled the  
hairy men.

“And furthermore, strange deeds of yore in this  
dead place were done.

They haunted me, as wild and free I roamed from  
sun to sun;

Until I came where sudden flame uplit a terraced  
height,

A regnant peak that seemed to seek the coronal  
of night.

“I scaled the peak; my heart was weak, yet on  
and on I pressed.

Skyward I strained until I gained its dazzling  
silver crest;

And there I found, with all around a world supine  
and stark,

Swept clean of snow, a flat plateau, and on it  
lay—the Ark.

“Yes, there, I knew, by two and two the beasts did  
disembark,

And so in haste I ran and traced in letters on the  
Ark

## THE BALLAD OF GUM-BOOT BEN

My human name—Ben Smith's the same. And  
now I want to float  
A syndicate to haul and freight to town that noble  
boat."

*I met him later in a bar and made a gay remark  
Anent an ancient miner and an option on the Ark.  
He gazed at me reproachfully, as only toppers can;  
But what he said I can't repeat—he was a bad old  
man.*

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

In the little Crimson Manual it's written plain  
and clear  
That who would wear the scarlet coat shall say  
good-bye to fear;  
Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound of  
the trail—  
In the little Crimson Manual there's no such word  
as "fail"—  
Shall follow on though heavens fall, or hell's top-  
turrets freeze,  
Half round the world, if need there be, on bleeding  
hands and knees.  
It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson Manual  
saith;  
The Scarlet Rider makes reply: "It's duty—to  
the death."  
And so they sweep the solitudes, free men from all  
the earth;  
And so they sentinel the woods, the wilds that  
know their worth;  
And so they scour the startled plains and mock  
at hurt and pain,

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

And read their Crimson Manual, and find their  
duty plain.

Knights of the lists of unrenown, born of the  
frontier's need,

Disdainful of the spoken word, exultant in the  
deed;

Unconscious heroes of the waste, proud players  
of the game,

Props of the power behind the throne, upholders  
of the name:

For thus the Great White Chief hath said, "In  
all my lands be peace,"

And to maintain his word he gave his West the  
Scarlet Police.

Livid-lipped was the valley, still as the grave of  
God;

Misty shadows of mountain thinned into mists  
of cloud;

Corpselike and stark was the land, with a quiet  
that crushed and awed,

And the stars of the weird sub-arctic glimmered  
over its shroud.

Deep in the trench of the valley two men stationed  
the Post,

Seymour and Clancy the reckless, fresh from  
the long patrol;

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

Seymour, the sergeant, and Clancy—Clancy who  
made his boast

He could cinch like a bronco the Northland,  
and cling to the prongs of the Pole.

Two lone men on detachment, standing for law  
on the trail;

Undismayed in the vastness, wise with the  
wisdom of old—

Out of the night hailed a half-breed telling a pitiful  
tale,

“White man starving and crazy on the banks  
of the Nordenscold.”

Up sprang the red-haired Clancy, lean and eager  
of eye;

Loaded the long toboggan, strapped each dog  
at its post;

Whirled his lash at the leader; then, with a whoop  
and a cry,

Into the Great White Silence faded away like  
a ghost.

The clouds were a misty shadow, the hills were  
a shadowy mist;

Sunless, voiceless and pulseless, the day was a  
dream of woe;

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

Through the ice-rifts the river smoked and bubbled  
and hissed;

Behind was a trail fresh broken, in front the un-  
trodden snow.

Ahead of the dogs ploughed Clancy, haloed by  
steaming breath;

Through peril of open water, through ache of  
insensate cold;

Up rivers wantonly winding in a land affianced  
to death,

Till he came to a cowering cabin on the banks  
of the Nordenscold.

Then Clancy loosed his revolver, and he strode  
through the open door;

And there was the man he sought for, crouching  
beside the fire;

The hair of his beard was singeing, the frost on his  
back was hoar,

And ever he crooned and chanted as if he never  
would tire:—

*"I panned and I panned in the shiny sand, and I  
sniped on the river bar;*

*But I know, I know, that it's down below that  
the golden treasures are;*

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

*So I'll wait and wait till the floods abate, and I'll  
sink a shaft once more,  
And I'd like to bet that I'll go home yet with a  
brass band playing before."*

He was nigh as thin as a sliver, and he whined like  
a Moose-hide cur;

So Clancy clothed him and nursed him as a  
mother nurses a child;

Lifted him on the toboggan, wrapped him in robes  
of fur,

Then with the dogs sore straining started to  
face the Wild.

Said the Wild, "I will crush this Clancy, so fearless  
and insolent;

For him will I loose my fury, and blind and  
buffet and beat;

Pile up my snows to stay him; then when his  
strength is spent,

Leap on him from my ambush and crush him  
under my feet.

"Him will I ring with my silence, compass him  
with my cold;

Closer and closer clutch him unto mine icy  
breast;

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

Buffet him with my blizzards, deep in my snows  
enfold,

Claiming his life as my tribute, giving my  
wolves the rest."

Clancy crawled through the vastness; o'er him  
the hate of the Wild;

Full on his face fell the blizzard; cheering his  
huskies he ran;

Fighting, fierce-hearted and tireless, snows that  
drifted and piled,

With ever and ever behind him singing the  
crazy man.

*"Sing hey, sing ho, for the ice and snow,  
And a heart that's ever merry;*

*Let us trim and square with a lover's care  
(For why should a man be sorry?)*

*A grave deep, deep, with the moon a-peep,  
A grave in the frozen mould.*

*Sing hey, sing ho, for the winds that blow,  
And a grave deep down in the ice and snow,  
A grave in the land of gold."*

Day after day of darkness, the whirl of the seeth-  
ing snows;

Day after day of blindness, the swoop of the  
stinging blast;



## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

On through a blur of fury the swing of staggering  
blows;

On through a world of turmoil, empty, inane  
and vast.

Night with its writhing storm-whirl, night des-  
pairingly black;

Night with its hours of terror, numb and end-  
lessly long;

Night with its weary waiting, fighting the shadows  
back,

And ever the crouching madman singing his  
crazy song.

Cold with its creeping terror, cold with its sudden  
clinch;

Cold so utter you wonder if 'twill ever again be  
warm;

Clancy grinned as he shuddered, "Surely it isn't  
a cinch

Being wet-nurse to a looney in the teeth of an  
arctic storm."

The blizzard passed and the dawn broke, knife-  
edged and crystal clear;

The sky was a blue-domed iceberg, sunshine  
outlawed away;

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

Ever by snowslide and ice-rip haunted and hovered  
the Fear;

Ever the Wild malignant poised and panted to  
slay.

The lead-dog freezes in harness—cut him out of  
the team!

The lung of the wheel-dog's bleeding—shoot  
him and let him lie!

On and on with the others—lash them until they  
scream!

“Pull for your lives, you devils! On! To halt  
is to die.”

There in the frozen vastness Clancy fought with  
his foes;

The ache of the stiffened fingers, the cut of the  
snowshoe thong;

Cheeks black-raw through the hood-flap, eyes that  
tingled and closed,

And ever to urge and cheer him quavered the  
madman's song.

Colder it grew and colder, till the last heat left the  
earth,

And there in the great stark stillness the bale  
fires glinted and gleamed, .

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

And the Wild all around exulted and shook with  
a devilish mirth,  
And life was far and forgotten, the ghost of a  
joy once dreamed.

Death! And one who defied it, a man of the  
Mounted Police;  
Fought it there to a standstill long after hope  
was gone;  
Grinned through his bitter anguish, fought with-  
out let or cease,  
Suffering, straining, striving, stumbling, strug-  
gling on.

Till the dogs lay down in their traces, and rose and  
staggered and fell;  
Till the eyes of him dimmed with shadows, and  
the trail was so hard to see;  
Till the Wild howled out triumphant, and the  
world was a frozen hell—  
Then said Constable Clancy: "I guess that it's  
up to me."

Far down the trail they saw him, and his hands  
they were blanched like bone;  
His face was a blackened horror, from his eye-  
lids the salt rheum ran;

## CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

His feet he was lifting strangely, as if they were  
made of stone,  
But safe in his arms and sleeping he carried  
the crazy man.

So Clancy got into Barracks, and the boys made  
rather a scene;  
And the O. C. called him a hero, and was nice  
as a man could be;  
But Clancy gazed down his trousers at the place  
where his toes had been,  
And then he howled like a husky, and sang in  
a shaky key:

*"When I go back to the old love that's true to the  
finger-tips,  
I'll say: 'Here's bushels of gold, love,' and I'll kiss  
my girl on the lips;  
'It's yours to have and to hold, love.' It's the proud,  
proud boy I'll be,  
When I go back to the old love that's waited so long  
for me."*

## LOST

*"Black is the sky, but the land is white—  
(O the wind, the snow and the storm!)—  
Father, where is our boy to-night?  
Pray to God he is safe and warm."*

*"Mother, mother, why should you fear?  
Safe is he, and the Arctic moon  
Over his cabin shines so clear—  
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."*

"It's getting dark awful sudden. Say, this is mighty queer!

Where in the world have I got to? It's still and black as a tomb.

I reckoned the camp was yonder, I figured the trail was here—

Nothing! Just draw and valley packed with quiet and gloom;

## LOST

Snow that comes down like feathers, thick and  
gobby and gray;  
Night that looks spiteful ugly—seems that I've  
lost my way.

“The cold's got an edge like a jackknife—it must  
be forty below;

Leastways that's what it seems like—it cuts so  
fierce to the bone.

The wind's getting real ferocious; it's heaving and  
whirling the snow;

It shrieks with a howl of fury, it dies away to  
a moan;

Its arms sweep round like a banshee's, swift and  
icily white,

And buffet and blind and beat me. Lord! it's  
a hell of a night.

“I'm all tangled up in a blizzard. There's only  
one thing to do—

Keep on moving and moving; it's death, it's  
death if I rest.

Oh, God! if I see the morning, if only I struggle  
through,

I'll say the prayers I've forgotten since I lay on  
my mother's breast.

I seem going round in a circle; maybe the camp is  
near,

## LOST

Say! did somebody holler? Was it a light I  
saw?

Or was it only a notion? I'll shout, and maybe  
they'll hear—

No! the wind only drowns me—shout till my  
throat is raw.

“The boys are all round the camp-fire wondering  
when I'll be back.

They'll soon be starting to seek me; they'll  
scarcely wait for the light.

What will they find, I wonder, when they come to  
the end of my track—

A hand stuck out of a snowdrift, frozen and  
stiff and white.

That's what they'll strike, I reckon; that's how  
they'll find their pard,

A pie-faced corpse in a snowbank—curse you,  
don't be a fool!

Play the game to the finish; bet on your very last  
card;

Nerve yourself for the struggle. Oh, you coward,  
keep cool!

“I'm going to lick this blizzard; I'm going to live  
the night.

It can't down me with its bluster—I'm not the  
kind to be beat.

## LOST

On hands and knees will I buck it; with every  
breath will I fight;

It's life, it's life that I fight for—never it seemed  
so sweet.

I know that my face is frozen; my hands are  
numblike and dead;

But oh, my feet keep a-moving, heavy and hard  
and slow;

They're trying to kill me, kill me, the night that's  
black overhead,

The wind that cuts like a razor, the whipcord  
lash of the snow.

Keep a-moving, a-moving; don't, don't stumble,  
you fool!

Curse this snow that's a-piling a-purpose to  
block my way.

It's heavy as gold in the rocker, it's white and  
fleecey as wool;

It's soft as a bed of feathers, it's warm as a  
stack of hay.

Curse on my feet that slip so, my poor tired,  
stumbling feet—

I guess they're a job for the surgeon, they feel  
so queerlike to lift—

I'll rest them just for a moment—oh, but to rest  
is sweet!

The awful wind cannot get me, deep, deep down  
in the drift."



## LOST

*"Father, a bitter cry I heard,  
Out of the night so dark and wild.  
Why is my heart so strangely stirred?  
'Twas like the voice of our erring child."*

*"Mother, mother, you only heard  
A waterfowl in the locked lagoon—  
Out of the night a wounded bird—  
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."*

Who is it talks of sleeping? I'll swear that some-  
body shook

Me hard by the arm for a moment, but how on  
earth could it be?

See how my feet are moving—awfully funny they  
look—

Moving as if they belonged to a someone that  
wasn't me.

The wind down the night's long alley bowls me  
down like a pin;

I stagger and fall and stagger, crawl arm-deep  
in the snow.

Beaten back to my corner, how can I hope to win?

And there is the blizzard waiting to give me the  
knockout blow.

Oh, I'm so warm and sleepy! No more hunger and  
pain.

Just to rest for a moment; was ever rest such  
a joy?

## LOST

Ha! what was that? I'll swear it, somebody  
shook me again;

Somebody seemed to whisper: "Fight to the  
last, my boy."

Fight! That's right, I must struggle. I know  
that to rest means death;

Death, but then what does death mean?—ease  
from a world of strife.

Life has been none too pleasant; yet with my  
failing breath

Still and still must I struggle, fight for the gift  
of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seems that I must be dreaming! Here is the old  
home trail;

Yonder a light is gleaming; oh, I know it so well!  
The air is scented with clover; the cattle wait by  
the rail;

Father is through with the milking; there goes  
the supper-bell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother, your boy is crying, out in the night and  
cold;

Let me in and forgive me, I'll never be bad  
any more:

## LOST

I'm, oh, so sick and so sorry: please, dear mother,  
don't scold—

It's just your boy, and he wants you. . . .  
Mother, open the door. . . .

*"Father, father, I saw a face  
Pressed just now to the window-panel  
Oh, it gazed for a moment's space,  
Wild and wan, and was gone again!"*

*"Mother, mother, you saw the snow  
Drifted down from the maple tree  
(Oh, the wind that is sobbing so!  
Weary and worn and old are we)—  
Only the snow and a wounded loon—  
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."*

## L'ENVOI

*We talked of yesteryears, of trails and treasure,  
Of men who played the game and lost or won;  
Of mad stampedes, of toil beyond all measure,  
Of camp-fire comfort when the day was done.  
We talked of sullen nights by moon-dogs haunted,  
Of bird and beast and tree, of rod and gun;  
Of boat and tent, of hunting-trip enchanted  
Beneath the wonder of the midnight sun;  
Of bloody-footed dogs that gnawed the traces,  
Of prisoned seas, wind-lashed and winter-locked;  
The ice-gray dawn was pale upon our faces,  
Yet still we filled the cup and still we talked.*

*The city street was dimmed. We saw the glitter  
Of moon-picked brilliants on the virgin snow,  
And down the drifted canyon heard the bitter,  
Relentless slogan of the winds of woe.  
The city was forgot, and, parka-skirted,  
We trod that leagueless land that once we knew;*

## L'ENVOI

*We saw stream past, down valleys glacier-girted,  
The wolf-worn legions of the caribou.  
We smoked our pipes, o'er scenes of triumph dwelling;  
Of deeds of daring, dire defeats, we talked;  
And other tales that lost not in the telling,  
Ere to our beds uncertainly we walked.*

*And so, dear friends, in gentler valleys roaming,  
Perhaps, when on my printed page you look,  
Your fancies by the firelight may go homing  
To that lone land that haply you forsook.  
And if perchance you hear the silence calling,  
The frozen music of star-yearning heights,  
Or, dreaming, see the seines of silver trawling  
Across the sky's abyss on vasty nights,  
You may recall that sweep of savage splendor,  
That land that measures each man at his worth,  
And feel in memory, half fierce, half tender,  
The brotherhood of men that know the North.*

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